

WINDS OF DEATH

*“When blow the icy winds of death,
two leaves or three may fall.”*

They tumble off the tree of breath
till branches lose them all.

My mother taught that phrase to me
when I was very young,
and I’ve beheld its mystery,
while on my limb I’ve hung.

This month a next-door neighbor left;
my cousin died this week;
last night announced a friend bereft
of husband pale and weak.

We would be wise to wonder why
such bad news comes in threes—
how friends and loved ones seem to die
in synchronicities.

There is a precept in the Word
that testimonies be
rejected unless truly heard
in mouths of two or three. . . .

God’s warning us with measured grief:
“Prepare. . . . Your lives are short.
Death’s wind will sever every leaf
to bring you to My court.”

—David L. Hatton, 3/14/2018